Soft Hands & Soiled Minds

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Soft Hands & Soiled Minds

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Summary

Will is feeling off and has discovered some feelings he'd rather ignore. A post fall fic.

Notes

Their will be more detailed injury treatment in later chapters.

A surging sea and the ruins of Salvation

The first thing Will feels when he wakes is an incredible pressure on his chest. water sputters from his lungs and flows out of his mouth as he begins to breathe again. Each breath caused pain to shoot through his cheek and made tears come to his eyes. After a few moments he registered the sound of someone talking.

“Will” After a few seconds will registered that it was Hannibal speaking to him. He peeled his eyes open to find Hannibal’s figure hovering over him. Hannibals face was shrouded in the shadow of the ledge above them. For a few moments Wills attention was focused back on the burning pain in his jaw. That was till Hannibal prompted him to sit up and the pain of his shoulder proved to much to Bare as he grew faint before passing out for a few seconds. During the period Will was unconscious for and was unable to hold his weight, Hannibal had supported his lower back as he braces most of Wills weight against his own body that sat in-front of Will. Once Hannibal had ensured Will was responsive he tried speaking to him again.

“Will, can you hear me?” Will made an affirmative noise. “I’m going to lift you up” Hannibal informed Will. Will strained the muscles in his neck as he nodded. Everything felt fuzzy as Hannibal pick him up and suddenly all worries melted away as the fuzzy feeling took over his mind.

Suddenly he wasn’t cold anymore, he looked around and saw that they were in a house. He didn’t remember being in a house before. The fuzzy feeling got stronger as he felt a sting in his cheek that soon turned into burning pain that made him let out a shriek.

“Will, stay still I can’t continue suturing if you continue to squawk " Hannibal muttered the words as he continued his previous actions with utmost diligence. Will ceased his movements only twitching involuntarily when facial nerves were struck. Hannibal let out a pleased sound escape his chest at Will's obedience. Will felt his stomach turn in a way that made him feel giddy and light. Will started to think about the implications of those feelings but stopped when it got too much to think about. Things felt so simple.

Will then became aware of Hannibal’s body moving away much to his discontent. He watched through half lidded eyes as Hannibal sterilized and sutured the bullet wound in his stomach. Will felt his eyes grow heavy and a nap sounded heavenly right now. Will felt his thoughts slowly go to nothingness as he succumbed to sleep's demanding grasp.

Will felt soothing vibrations pass through his body; he had almost fallen back asleep until he heard a rich voice speak.

“William, are you awake?” The rich voice murmured as if afraid of breaking the calm atmosphere. Will cracked his eyes open and was faced with Hannibal and the interior of a car. Will ran his hands on the leather covering the seat he was sitting on, it was soft. He looked back to Hannibal and made a noise of confirmation. A part of him was insistent that he should be more concerned in his current situation; Trapped in a car with the most wanted

serial killer that was driving them to a location unknown to him. Yet he found himself at ease as he sat in a car running away from his life into the unknown. He found himself at ease with Hannibal. He chose to ignore why he felt that way with the man.

Will felt the throb of his cheek, the pain grounding his thoughts as he let out a groan. He heard Hannibal make a soft shushing sound as he took one hand off the wheel to brush Will's hair out of his face. Will leaned into the comforting contact.

After a few hours of driving the car came to a stop and Will let out a soft confused sound he was shushed again.

“We have reached the safe house Will” Hannibal informed him, reaching over and unbuckling Will's seat belt. Will didn’t think much of the action and stepped out of the car. Will stood shell shocked for a few moments before speaking up at Hannibal's expectant gaze.

“Hannibal, I can not believe you had enough money for this. It's bigger than your house back in Baltimore,” Will said, starting to question the net worth of the man in front of him. Hannibal simply chuckled.

“Now dear Will, follow me” Hannibal ordered, stepping closer to the house as Will trailed along. Then Hannibal opened the door and Will was rushed in. They took off their shoes before continuing further into the house.
Hannibal walked Will through the house that had a theme of mahogany and crimson. Hannibal stopped suddenly in front of a door as Will almost crashed into him.

“This is your room, you may rest now you’ve had an eventful few days” Hannibal informed him, before tagging on. “My room is down the hall to the right if you need me” with that Hannibal headed to his room as Will walked into his. Will stepped closer to the bed and ran his fingers down the silk sheets admiring how soft they were. Will lifted the sheet and got cozy in bed before drifting off, neglecting to change his clothes.

Discover me and cover me in your damnation

Will woke up feeling the silk sheets drag across his skin as he shifted himself to rest against the headboard. The smell of old wood was drowned out as the smell of typical American breakfast took over. Will relaxed with a sigh as pain began creeping into his head and throbbing in his cheek. He went to yawn but stopped as he felt shooting pain accompanied by the crinkle of bandages. He let out a short shout as his visions went white pain being all he could feel. Tears rolled down his face soaking the bandages that lay on his cheek.

Will felt the bed dip as a new weight was added. A hand grabbed his chin, settling his frantic movements and allowing him to focus on something other than pain. After a few moments he felt the pain dial down to a thrum as his breathing evens. The hand moved away from his chin to his cheek pressing down lightly causing Will to let out a hiss of pain.

“It seems that you have reopened the wound on your cheek, dear William” Will finally put it together and figured the man that had been there for the past few minutes was Hannibal.

Without further words Hannibal removed the bandages from Wills cheek to assess the laceration that had been reopened. Once the bandages were placed aside Hannibal took a closer look at the wound underneath. The wound was surrounded by irritated skin that had turned red, the laceration also had pieces of scab stuck to it as well as a deep opening that oozed blood and revealed Will's teeth. To a lesser man it would make them queasy but Hannibal Lecter was not a lesser man and had seen much worse during his time as a surgeon. With that he started taking the things he needed out of the first aid kit that lay beside him and Will. Hannibal sterilized Will's wound before informing Will of his next action.

“I’m going to sew your cheek back together Will, so I need you to sit still” Will nodded and did his best to keep himself still.

Will felt the needle go through his skin over and over again until Hannibal announced he was done.

“I used deep continuous sutures to close the wound. I used nylon based thread so I will have to revisit the laceration to remove them when I deem fit” Hannibal returned his attention to the first aid kid next to them and grabbed some bandages. He settled on using gauze to dress Will's wound. Hannibal chose the gauze he would need and placed it on Will's cheek before securing it with medical tape.

“I had planned on serving you breakfast but with the reopening of your wound I believe eating would be an almost impossible task” he paused running his fingers through Will's hair. “But for now rest, my dear will”, with that Hannibal turned leaving the room. Will fell asleep shortly after

Will rose while being shaken lightly. He let out a groan and peeled his eyes open to Hannibal sitting next to him, one of his hands now resting still on Will's shoulder.

“I have prepared a purée that should help in the healing of your injuries” Hannibal spoke crisp and clearly to Will.

“Not gonna’ name the ingredients Lecter?” Will humored voice rough from underuse. Hannibal gave him a soft but fleeting smile before he granted an answer.

“I’m afraid if I do you will not eat it” Will tilted his head to the side.

“I thought you were a good cook, Hannibal” Will teased.

“I am, though, this dish is not focused on taste or presentation. I have focused it more on the benefits of the ingredients” Hannibal sounded almost pained to say the words. His melodramatics were always greatly amusing. Hannibal leaned over slightly to grab a bowl where Will assumed the purée rested. Hannibal raised a ladle to Will pressing it against his mouth until he complied. Hannibal pushed the ladle to the side of Will’s mouth opposite of his mangled cheek. When the liquid hit Will’s taste buds he recoiled in disgust before Hannibal’s hand grabbed his waist holding him in place with the iron grip. Hannibal continued to feed Will until no more purée was left. Will felt that fuzzy feeling creep up again but chose to ignore it for now.

“Hannibal, aren’t you injured as well?” Will asked words coming out slightly slurred. Hannibal cocked an eyebrow a bit surprised at Will’s sudden and interesting change of topic.

“I am mažasis but I am not in as grave of condition as you are” Will seemed hesitant but nodded nonetheless.

“Why did you bring me with you? You could have left me to rot on the shore” Hannibal tilted his head as amusement shone through his sharp features.

“You are far too interesting to let go of, Will Graham” it was now Will’s turn to be surprised.

“Forever the hedonist” Will snorted, closing his eyes.

“I’ll be in my study if you need me” Hannibal spoke before getting off the bed and heading to his study. Will was tired despite only being awake for a short period of time. He decided to let sleep take him in her arms.

Salvation in the creation of my own damnations

Sleep dropped him out of her arms as he felt a new weight be added to the bed. He groaned and rolled away from the man that had so rudely interrupted his sleep. Feeling the sheets dragging across his body as he turned away.

“Will, I need you to sit up and face me so I can feed you” Hannibal said as if it was just any other day. This set Will off causing him to snap back a “no”. Hannibal was shocked and sure Will was rude but he had never stooped to this level before.

“WillIam Graham you will not speak to me that way” Hannibal sent Will a glare which only served to make Will’s blood boil.

“I am not a child using my full name has no effect!” Will screeched as Hannibal's face stayed stoic as anger flickered in his eyes. Hannibal grabbed Will’s arm to force him still, which was the straw that broke the camel’s back.

Will yanked his arm as hard as he could, pain flared in his shoulder at the movement. Hannibal grabbed Will’s wrist, twisting slightly causing Will to cry out as the pain got worse but Will wasn’t done. Will kicks Hannibal’s side causing Hannibal to let out a groan of pain and drop Will’s wrist. Will rolled off the bed, his body slamming on the ground with a horrendous sound. Will has tears streaming down his face and can no longer put up a physical fight as his pain breaches containable limits. Will sees a body crouch beside him in his peripheral vision.

“Insolent boy; look what you’ve done” Hannibal’s cold tone cuts through the tense iron soaked air. Will feels Hannibal’s tone stick to his bones weighing him down as it moves to squeeze sobs from his lungs. Will feels that fuzzy feeling but this time it’s not pleasant and he can’t ignore it. He feels fingers on his chin as Hannibal tilts his head up to meet his gaze.

“M’sorry” Will choked out gasping for air as tears and snot ran down his face.

“Get up” Hannibal said, releasing Will’s face from his grip. Will nodded, standing shakily. Will looked up at Hannibal with big doe eyes; tear tracks and snot on full display. Hannibal felt pity for the boy and was glad Will stopped throwing his temper tantrum. Hannibal grabbed a handkerchief out of his breast pocket using it to wip Will’s face clean. Placing his hand in the younger man’s face he informed Will on his next actions.

“I’m going to change your bandages and clean your wounds. After you will eat the purée without complaint” Will nodded much to the older man’s displeasure.

“Words, Will” Hannibal encouraged.

“Ok” Will mumbled, eyes down casted the fuzzy feeling in him got stronger by the minute and all he could think about was hugging Hannibal so he did. The older man was a bit surprised but just let out a fond sigh as he hugged his boy, anger dissipating. Hannibal wondered why he didn’t mind Will’s rudeness. Maybe he was just a love sick fool. He would

still talk about this absurd behavior though that was something to be held until Will was back in his right state of mind.

Hannibal led Will back to the bed, sitting him down before leaving to the bathroom to gather the first aid kit. He entered the room with a first aid kit in hand and walked over to Will, setting the kit beside him before opening in with a soft click. The older took out the needed supplies before tugging Will's shirt off to attend to his injured shoulder. He slowly took off the old soiled bandages revealing a large laceration and bruised & swollen shoulder. Hannibal moved Will's shoulder to gauge the extent to which his shoulder is immobile.

"AGH" Will bellowed. His sobbing started up again as the pain started up again.

"Shhh, my sweet boy" Hannibal cooed in an effort to calm the young man. Will's arm went limp at his side as sobs wrack his frame. It was a pathetic sight.

Once Will's crying had ceased Hannibal began to clean Will's injury as quickly and painlessly as possible. After that he wrapped Will's shoulder in clean dressings.

Hannibal shifted his attention to Will's cheek, undressing it to reveal a gory but well looked after gash. Hannibal applied antibiotic ointment to Will's injured cheek and wound new dressing upon Will's injury.

"Now, Will, you will eat this purée with no complaints" Will nodded but when he saw Hannibal send him a look, he shared his verbal agreement which seemed to please Hannibal.

Hannibal lifted the ladle to Will's lip and the same as last time made sure that the purée didn't touch Will's injured cheek. The purée tasted as disgusting as ever but nothing Will wasn't used to growing up in extreme poverty. The fuzzy feeling slowly dissipated and the young man began to think more rationally again. He felt fleeting embarrassment over his earlier reaction but alas he couldn't bring himself to care after fighting with Hannibal. Will lowered himself so his back was flushed against the bed as he felt his eyes droop before he was led into an eventful slumber.

Violence is the universal language in the age of aggression

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

When Will woke he felt as if he was being watched. After a few moments of adjusting to the dull ache in his body he turned over to face the chair in the corner of the room; he saw Hannibal sitting in it drawing something. The sound of graphite gliding across paper filled his ears. Will's eyes felt heavy so very heavy but suddenly Hannibal looked up at him and the guilt Will felt threatened to drown him. He moved his gaze from Hannibal to the wall to ease his mind.

"William" Hannibal said in a tone which Will could only interpret as parental. Will shifted his gaze back to Hannibal which seemed to sooth the man.

"What was that tantrum you threw yesterday about?" Will flushed at the word tantrum being used to describe his outburst. He shifted his gaze to the wall again, hot with embarrassment.

"I was mad" Will crocked voice meekly. Hannibal tuted as he placed his drawing material beside him and got up. Hannibal stocked over until his shadow covered Will's laying frame. Hannibal cupped Will's face with his big warm hands.

"You must learn to control your emotions before you injure yourself like this again" Hannibal chastised, turning Will's face slightly so he could thumb over the gauze that covered the man's grizzly injury.

"It was very irresponsible of you my dear boy to try and start a fight with me" Hannibal continued as a dark undertone filled his words. The older man's grip became harsher which caused Will to let out a pained moan.

"Promise me you will not pull such risky stunts in the future" The older one demanded forcing eye contact from the younger, Grip on Will's face still harsh.

"I promise Hannibal" Will slurred voice being unstructured by Hannibal's grip on his face. Hannibal dropped his hands from Will's face and walked back over to the lounge chair and sat, much to Will's confusion.

"I want you to try and walk to me William" Hannibal said with a stern voice that made Will feel fuzzy all over.

Will nodded as he shifted his body up into a sitting position clumsily. Turning his body so that it was on the edge of the bed, his feet swinging. Will planted his feet on the ground, a chill running through his body when they met the cooled hardwood floor. His legs felt like jelly as he stood up, swaying slightly. With cautious steps he walked over to Hannibal and stopped in front of him not sure what to do. Hannibal grasped Will's hips and pulled the flushed man a top his lap. Without warning Hannibal stood up and sauntered to the kitchen as Will clung to Hannibal's frame in fear of being dropped.

Once they had reached the kitchen Will was set on the counter as Hannibal began to cook. Will observed some more until a question bubbled from his throat.

“How did you carry me with that type of injury?” Hannibal shifted his gaze from the leek’s he was cutting and looked at Will.

“A mix of adrenaline and desperation” Hannibal said as if he was reminiscing on a fond memory. Will's face formed into a pout as he did not understand why Hannibal found the memory fond. Hannibal just chuckled at Will’s pouting, the whiplash of all the different emotions displayed within in the past hour left Will disoriented. After Hannibal had finished preparing the meal he herded a shaky Will to the dining room.

“Soup à l'oignon” Hannibal announced as he set the mouth watering food in front of Will. The young ex-professor reached for his ladle only to have his hand pushed away.

“Remember your cheek is still injured” Hannibal reprimanded as he took the ladle and filled it with the hearty soup, gently blowing on the ladle till he deemed the soop reasonable temperature. Hannibal fed Will spoonful after spoonful till Will had finished his meal. Hannibal turned his attention to his own meal savouring the soup while Will got lost in his own mind.

Chapter End Notes

Comments and kudos are appreciated:)

Calm before the storm

After Hannibal finished eating he gathered up his and Wills plates; Will followed Hannibal to the kitchen and sat on one of the bar stools after his offer to help with the dishes was declined. After Hannibal finished the dishes he directed the younger man to his study, having him sit on the couch as he proused his collection of books before choosing Eglė the Queen of Serpents Book by Ada Martinkus-Zemp. Not a favorite of his but it had its merits.

“Kitą kartą, senų senovėje, buvo senelis ir senutė. Turėjo juodu dvylika sūnų ir tris dukteris. Jauniausioji buvo vardu Eglė.” Will heard Hannibal start reading, the foreign words muddling in Will’s brain making him feel the dull plus of sleep ambush him. Will’s eyes were staying closed longer and longer until he finally fell to sleep’s instance, settling down for a nap.

Hannibal shifted his gaze from the book to Will as he felt the young man’s breath slow and his eyes drup close. Hannibal felt the last of tension slip from Will’s body as he leaned his full weight on Hannibal napping peacefully. Hannibal set the book down on to the table that was found by the couch, he brought a hand down to caress the carob coloured curls that rested on the boy’s head.

Hannibal slid his arms gently under the top of Will's back and the curve of his knee, carrying him bridal style. The older man lifted Will off the couch with ease. Certainly the strength of carrying around round corpses made a man strong. He walked to Will’s room, footsteps silent.

Hannibal opened the door to the boy’s room and stepped inside, closing it silently behind him. He pulled back the covers on Will’s bed and softly set Will on the bed before covering him with the soft sheets. Hannibal stepped away from the bed and sauntered to the chesterfield chair; Grabbing his unfinished drawing he got comfortable as he continued to draw his Will.

Will woke up comfortable and warm which left him disoriented as he was sure he had fallen asleep on the couch. The realization that Hannibal had carried him upstairs was embarrassing considering he was a grown ass man and Hannibal had carried to bed like he was an infant that had fallen asleep in a car.

The sound of graphite against paper filled his ears for the second time that day causing him to gaze at the soft leather chair in the corner. In the chair, the stoic faced Hannibal Lecter was drawing.

Hearing Will shift around on the bed alerted Hannibal to the young man having risen from his slumber. Hannibal gaze rose meeting Will’s beau blue eyes for a second before the other man looked away after being caught staring.

“Good to see you awake William but I’m afraid a bandage change is due” Hannibal informed softly not knowing what words would cause Will another tantrum. Will nodded fiddling with his hands nervously.

Hannibal lifted himself out of the chair resting his art supplies on the table beside him. He grabbed the first aid kit from where it rested in a cabinet near Will's bed. Hannibal sat next to Will on the bed having the boy face him before he began.

Hannibal carefully removes the gauze from Will's cheek and upper shoulder. He examines the stitches etched into Will's wounds, the injury's have turned pink and tender yet must still be attended to; Hannibal gently presses a cotton ball coated with alcohol onto Will's wound. A sharp hiss heard above him, but Hannibal must continue with nursing his wounds. After the wounds had been disinfected Hannibal wrapped soft gauze on his shoulder where he twisted it around wills pecs and secured the gauze in place. He took a gauze pad and placed it on Will's grizzly cheek injury that was slowly scabbing, securing it with medical tape. He made a mental note that in a few weeks he would need to take the sutures out.

Strong winds

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Once Hannibal was done fusing about the boy's wounds he headed down stairs to prepare dinner leaving Will to his own devices which would later prove to be a mistake. Will started to feel the emotional turmoil of the last few weeks rain down on him like acid rain as his eyes burned with unshed tears. He felt like the very foundation of his being was broken, the tea cup had shattered.

Hannibal had picked him up by his scruff and torn down any sense of morals he once had and left him feeling so very empty. Will felt anger scorching his lungs moving up, searing his esophagus and heart. With blurred vision and limbes full of burning energy, he stumbled out of bed heading for the bathroom.

Will gripped the marble counter knuckles turning white his joints screeching in protest like an unoiled bike chain. He stared at his appearance: curls going in every direction, eye's that looked sunken with bags the colour of Forest Pansy's, face so sickly pale he looked dead. Anger built memories flashing behind his eyes. His fist raised in slow motion before colliding with the mirror causing the reflected image to shatter. Will's knees gave way causing him to fall to the ground alongside the shards of glass that glistened gently in the air before falling giving way to an ugly shattering sound. Will's throat was tight as it burned when a sob was ripped out of his lungs. Through the panic he had failed to notice the soft footsteps coming behind him.

"William, what have you done" Hannibal spoke in the most condescending tone as if Will was a child. Will felt his head go blank as the anger surged with a new virosity as he slowly swayed in a standing position glass embedding his feet. Will took lathourgic steps forward until he was in front of Hannibal.

"What have I done! What have I done!" Will repeated, voice getting louder and louder.

"William keep yourself in check-"

"Keep myself in check you fucking posh prick! I'm not the one that murders any rude person they come across. You are a shrink and a scoundrel and-" Before Will could continue venting his frustration he felt a prick of pain in his neck. Looking at his neck he saw Hannibal pulling a needle out of his tender skin. Will looked at Hannibal as he said something but his vision went and everything went black.

Hannibal sighed as he looked at the Terror that laid in his arms. He picked up the boy, placing him on the bed assessing the extent of his injuries.

After an hour of prying glass from Will's hands, knees and feet Hannibal applied antibacterial cream. Hannibal pondered what awaited him when sont petit monster woke up but for now he must wait

Chapter End Notes

Sont petit monstre= His little monster

Brande new city by mitski has a number of concerning relatable lyrics😘

A storm cut short

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Light attacked his retinas followed by terrible dizziness, Will groaned as the peak of his discomfort subsided. Will slowly recalled the events of a few hours ago and felt sweltering heat burn his insides as his anger shot through the roof. His eyes snapped open as he forced his body into an upright position gaze landing on the figure that resided in the corner of the room. Will threw the covers from his overly warm body and stormed over to Hannibal ignoring the violent pain shooting from his feet to his spine.

“You sedated me!”

“Indeed I did William” Hannibal said indifferently causing Wills heart to be encased in barbed wire that punctured it. Will briefly amused if Hannibal would enjoy the pain he is causing him.

“Why” Will’s tone was desperate with an underlying current of anger seeping into his words.”Why Hannibal Why!?”

“You were surrounded by pieces of mirror and some were embedded into your hands and feet. You were also in a state of hysterics, it was the safest option I had.” Will's eyes widened at Hannibal using hysterics to describe his distressed state. Will started pacing from the front of the chair Hannibal resided in and the end of the bed, the pain in his feet getting stronger the more he paced.

“Will, it would be wise for you to sit down lest you damage your feet more” Will lifted his eyes as he stopped pacing in front of Hannibal and stared at the man’s Prada dress shirt. Hannibal's hand slowly reached out but as soon as Will registered the movement he darted back looking like a trapped animal.

“Will, you need to sit down” Will narrowed his eyes as the back of his knees hit the footboard. Suddenly he felt as if the room was far too small and there were not nearly enough exits. His chest tightened as his lungs burned with the effort of taking full breaths, His eyes burned as salty tears sat on his waterline agitating the sensitive organ. Will was brought out of his spiral when he started shifting his weight from foot to foot feeling the grounding pain come and go in bursts. While Will was wrapped up in his head he had failed to recognize Hannibal getting out of the chesterfield chair and standing in front of him.
“William you really should sit down” Will felt a firm touch on his arm and suddenly all feelings of anger and hurt were replaced with the need for comfort. He flung himself into Hannibal’s strong arms sobbing and pounding on the older man’s chest feeling so small and so alone. Well built Arms warped around his slight figure and added slight pressure to his person causing him to go lax as his mind finally rested. He leaned all of his weight onto Hannibal’s robust frame as his legs gave and words escaped him.

“Will, are you alright?” Will looked up at Hannibal as he pulled his top half away freeing his arms allowing him to communicate although sloppy. “Shut down” Will signed, seeming frustrated at his lack of fine motor skills. Hannibal ran a warm through Will's hair before picking him up and setting him on the bed.

“Will my dear, I know you may be against this as you are already overwhelmed but I have to rewrap the injuries on your feet” Will nodded in confirmation and Hannibal accepted the lack of words this time around. Will shifted so he was in a laying position as he waited for Hannibal to return with the first aid kit. Once Hannibal had returned with the first aid kit he got up on the bed and lifted one of Will’s feet into his lap and gently unwrapped the gauze revealing the agitated wounds.

Some of the lacerations were scabbed over while others' healing process had rudely stamped on. Letting out a soft sigh he got to work on lathering mupirocin before grabbing clean cloth dressing and draping it on the wounds before securing it. Hannibal repeated this process with Will’s other foot. Will looked down at Hannibal when he noticed the man was done dressing his wounds. His face scrunched up in displeasure from the overwhelming feeling of all these bandages on his skin. Hannibal donned a soft look before reassuring his boy.

“I know it must be overwhelming but it's for your safety” Hannibal murmured softly. Will nodded but then to both their surprise he made grabby hands towards Hannibal causing the man to chuckle.

“Just a moment I must return the kit to its rightful place” He said before sauntering over to the armoire and placing the kit in one of the drawers. After Hanibal was done with his task he walked over to Will and got into the bed when Will signaled for him to lay beside him. After a few moments, Will felt his consciousness slip away and he fell into a peaceful sleep.

Chapter End Notes

sorry updates are slow, schools kicking my ass.

Insight

Chapter Notes

Sorry it's short 🧍

I tried to write from Hannibal's perspective but I think I do better with Will's so Hannibal's perspective Will be few and far in between.

Hannibal felt a foreign tug at his chest causing pressure to build on his long useless organs. He had always believed he was above such emotions but William Graham had turned his perception upside down. After a few moments he recognized the feeling, it was guilt.

Hannibal was intrigued by the discovery and thought back as to why he is feeling such a way. Will has been having a much lower tolerance for texture, his emotions were easily influenced by seemingly minute sensory input, and he seemed to try to block out any overwhelming input with pain. Suddenly all the prices feel into place and Hannibal with all his brilliance has never felt more foolish.

He had neglected to notice all of the signs that lead up to the shut down, this could have been prevented if he was more diligent.

His gaze shifted to the form that was sleeping peacefully beside him, chest rising in a gentle up and down motion. The man looked younger in sleep and far more peaceful than in the waking hours. Hannibal shifted himself so his torso was leaning against the headboard, the movement made no sound at all.

He lifted his cadaverous but solid frame from the ornate sleigh framed bed. Miraculously the bed frame did not groan if you could call anything of Hannibal's doing miraculous.

He swiftly walked down to the kitchen. Hannibal walked into the pantry that soon led him to the well warded cellars. Hannibal walked through the door, he allowed no man to pass. Walking past desolate rooms until he reached his chilly wine seller with a small upturn of his thin lips.

Hannibal glided over to where he kept his infused wines and grabbed Domaine Leroy Musigny Grand Cru, Côte de Nuits, France: one of his personal favourites. Hannibal turned back around, bottle of wine in hand and headed back upstairs.

After emerging out of the cellar he changed course to the study. His footsteps made no sound as he walked through the halls as if the floorboards were scared to mutter under his weight.

Once he reached his destination he scanned the room before walking behind the desk and taking a seat on the chair, popping the cork and taking a long gulp. Hannibal chastised

himself for being so ungrateful but did nothing to stop himself from drinking the wine bottle like a sloppy alcoholic.

Hannibal set the empty wine bottle on the table, throwing his head back with a sigh. It took alot more for him to get drunk but the warmth that started to settle in his stomach was welcome.

Hannibal pondered for a moment how he should approach Will in his current state and decided that he should grab the soft onesie he had indulged in buying one Saturday hoping William would wear it. With upturned lips Hannibal walked over to wear the article of clothing that was stored.

After he had the soft blue onesie in hand he strides to Will's room pushing open the heavily warded door revealing his precious boy.

Blue

Chapter by VincentRenzisLover

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Will woke and noticed the lack of Hannibal's body causing him to let out a displeased sound. Will fussed his hands in the thick cotton material of his comforter, liking the way the fabric caused warm friction. Raising his head his eyes widen fractionally in surprise when they land on the sturdy figure of Hannibal.

***
Will is sitting in a room covered in bright colours and plastic objects. It has an aroma of crayon wax. Suddenly the laughter of the children around him filters in causing panic to bubble in his chest and tears to slide down his cheek making him feel too warm. One of the adults is in front of him and suddenly tries to pull him into a hug, their fingers feeling like grotesque insects on his skin.

Will shot up from his flimsy plastic chair causing it to fall and clatter loudly on the ground the sound grated at his eardrums. Suddenly Will found himself running; he didn't care where he was going; he just wanted to be somewhere more bearable.

***
Once Will was people pulled out of his memory he started to ponder. During all of his previous shutdowns there had been plenty of tears and discomfort but he didn't feel like that this time. Sure the events leading up to his shutdown were the previously described things but he just couldn't understand why he didn't feel the same now.

While Will was lost in thought he had failed to realise Hannibal had moved and was standing directly beside his laying form.

"Will" a soft voice muttered near Will's ear causing him to let out an undignified yelp. Shooting up from his sitting position he realised that the reaction was unnecessary when he realised it was only Hannibal.
Will cocked his head to the side to show Hannibal he had heard him thankful for the small mercy of not having to speak.

"I have an article of clothing that i think you'll find much more enjoyable than your current attire" Will signed but Hannibal did have a point, the way the satin of his current pyjamas was catching on his body hair was terribly irritating. Will put his palms face up on his things wiggling his fingers indicating that Hannibal was to deposit the clothing there. A baraton chuckle erupted from the europeans chest causing Will to feel jittery.

Finally Hannibal placed the soft fabric into his waiting hands. Will remarked that it was the colour of blue anemone and scoffed at the meaning of said plant. Will flipped the clothing and noted with milled horror that what he was holding was a onesies.

Will's eyes darted up to Hannibal’s devilishly handsome features and stoned into a glare. Hannibal tipped his head to the fringing innocence which caused Will to let out a frustrated huff.

´Ridiculous , absolutely ridiculous’ Will thought with an irritated smile. Will got off the bed and ushered Hannibal out the door so he could get changed.

After Will had changed he stared down at his outfit in emens shame and slight horror. He was conflicted between how nice the fabric felt on his skin and how absolutely infantilized he felt wearing it. He noticed that neither felt better than the other but shoved these feelings deep down into his chest.

Will slowly crept over to the door and opened the heavy oak to find Hannibal waiting for him and offered him a weightless glare. Hannibal offered a sly smile in return before brushing past Will and entered the bedroom.

“What would you like to eat?” Hannibal inquired after Will had situated himself on the soft bed. Will wondered if he would be overwhelmed with speaking but couldn’t decide so he made the attempt to answer Hannibal verbally.

“Soup if you wouldn’t mind” wills words came out choppy and held little infliction but at least he didn’t feel too terribly after speaking. Hannibal gave a soft smile before turning on his heels and heading to the kitchen

Chapter End Notes

Hey 🧍

A flash of peace

Chapter by VincentRenzisLover

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Hannibal glided down the stairs hand hovering over the bannister. His footsteps softened as they made contact with the ornate carpet that led him to the kitchen before it faded into marble tile.

Hannibal opened the mahogany cabinets grabbing a medium sized stainless steel pot putting homemade chicken broth in, then diluted the strong bouillon with water. He Set it on a burner and left it to simmer. He pulled out two bonnotte potatoes and cubed them before adding them into the broth and bringing it to a boil. After the potatoes were cooked he purréed them and added in butter, heavy cream, and flour. He placed the soup into a fine china bowl before garnishing it with white alba truffle. Hannibal forwent his usual extravagance in favour of something simply that one would be able to eat comfortably.

Sauntering up the stairs he headed towards Will's room with a bowl of soup. Hannibal stood in front of the door before slowly opening it and walking in, the door did not creak despite its age.

Will perked up when he felt Hannibal's Hand on his shoulder before the scent of hearty soup made its way into the air. Hannibal set a small lap chair on Will's lap, placing the bowl onto it before warning Will that the soup was still too hot to consume.

Hannibal watched as Will tried to pick up the spoon tendons flexing in effort before giving out, after a few more attempts Will started to get frustrated and dropped the spoon back into the bowl causing it to clash with the ceramic making a terrible sound. Hannibal walks over, placing Will's chin between his thumb and pointer finger tilting the man's head up slightly.

"Let me help you Will" there was a beat of silence before Will's mouth opened and closed a few times trying to form words before the boy just settled for a silent nod. Crows eyes formed at Hannibal's eyes showing his contentment, rewarding will for letting him take care of him. Will's stomach lurched with butterflies.

After Will had finished the soup he felt like liquid, pliant and ready to fill the shape of its container. After a few beats of silence Hannibal spoke up.

"Why don't we go on a walk?" He inquired. After a time Will nodded excited to stretch his legs but nervous about potentially overstimulating stimuli. Will's excitement soon became a sea of worry as he remembered what types of outfits he was wearing.

"The property is remote Will, so there is no need to fret over your appearance" Hannibal reassured, somehow able to sense Will's worry. Will huffed before handing Hannibal the tray before heaving himself onto shaky legs.

Chapter End Notes

Kinda short but whatever 🕺

Confusion

Chapter by VincentRenzisLover

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

They made their way down the stairs but when they got close to the door Wills legs started to shake in exertion. He looked over at Hannibal to find the man staring at him with a raised eyebrow. After a moment Hannibal spoke up.

“ Do you need help dear boy?” Hannibal asked in a soft tone, his baritone voice laying over Will like a soft blanket. Will realised what Hannibal was doing by making him ask for help instead of offering but Will really could care less as the ache in his legs began to spread up his back.

“Yes” Will whispered low enough that a human ear would have trouble understanding him but Hannibal heard him clearly. In a flash Hannibal was infront of Will placing his forearms behind the man’s knees before hiking Will on his hip with seemingly no effort at all.

Hannibal opens the door with his free hand letting the warm pollen filled air of late spring seep into both their bodys. Every step further into the remote settings caused the sound of gravel crunching to ring out. Will look down at the grass watching as the dandelions gently swayed in the wind. Will let a content bable bubble from his mouth before he could stop it and was absolutely terrified when he registered the sound. It felt like he couldn't stop his emotions from spilling out of him and he was scarred. Hannibal felt Will tense and started bouncing him up and down and to Will’s horror, it calmed him down beyond reason.

It seemed Will's attention was not easily held in his newfound fuzzy state as his mind was now focused on the swaying trees and not the complexity of what was happening. Hannibal started humming Fais dodo, Colas mon p'tit frère. Will basked in the way the vibrations from Hannibal's humming flooded his flesh. Soon Will's head was lolling to the side and Hannibale was walking back to the house to put Will down for a nap. Will barely registered the cool wind of the house of the disappearance of Hannibal's warmth; he was far too sleepy to care so he fell asleep as soon as his head hit his pillow.

Will opened his eyes, blinking away the remaining tackiness of sleep, He cringed at the taste of morning breath. He looked around the room sitting up in alarm when he found Hannibal was closer than anticipated.

“Sorry to startle you but I will have to change your bandages. Is that ok?” Hannibal asked with the slight tilt of his head.

“Yes” Will nodded his head as if his words were not enough of a confirmation. Hannibal replaced the bandages on Will’s cheek but decided his shoulder was past the point of getting infected through an open wound, so he removed the bandages to find a tender half formed scar. Hannibal also left Will's hands and feet unwrapped.

Will thought back to their previous interaction and was surprised to find that it had helped the worst of his shutdown pass over. He figured he should ask Hannibal when he returned from putting the first aid kit away. Will was alerted of the man's return when he felt the bed dip, he took in a breath before stating his curiosity.

“What was happening to me earlier” he asked and gazed up to see a smirk on Hannibal’s face

Chapter End Notes

I’ll try to get two chapters out this month for pride:)

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